

THE WAIF.

Just a lonely little maiden from the city's dust and heat, A homeless, lonely little waif, with blue eyes sad and sweet.

as he stood bowing away dreamily beside her until I grew so sick with the jealousy that I left the place and went home alone, and yet he never seemed to understand.

Desperate? Yes. One night in a fit of pique I had absented myself from the practice and for hours sat planning how I could make him set a match to the powder.

"Will, I've just heard the sweetest bit of music ever written—her own composition—Lottie's, I mean! I can hear it now!

I had tried to sneer, but it was no use. When he put his hand on my shoulder and softly asked that, I could only get up and walk from the room.

Then for a month of suspense we saw nothing of Lottie Arnold. She was as much an enthusiast as Chris himself.

STORY OF A VIOLIN.

It was a mad, a shameful, thing, as I realized just a moment too late. Though I did my utmost to atone for the part I played in that tragedy, the white agony on Chris Carew's boyish face that night haunts me as vividly now as if I had seen it there yesterday, and it is years since he last bent his head over his precious violin.

I suppose that two friends fired with the same burning ambition were never more genuinely attached to each other than he and I, perhaps because, if I searched the world, I might never find a more lovable, more unselfish and thorough fellow than Chris Carew.

Reaching the house, we were shown at once into the sitting room, and there sat Lottie at a piano, surrounded by a litter of papers. Perhaps she, too, realized something at that moment, for she rose with a start and a heightened color.

"Will!" That was all he said huskily as he gripped my arm. I knew vaguely that it meant "Sooner than that, you can have the solo." But that only maddened me the more.

Three hours later he walked in. I think he had been wandering the streets, fighting a battle with himself. He came straight across to where I sat, with a palpable attempt to speak and act as if nothing had happened.

He was handsome. More, it presently seemed to me that she thought more of his playing than of mine, a galling danger in itself. Often on practice nights I watched

me? Why, it's the chance of my lifetime! Will, aren't you going to grip my hand?"

He was so overcome that he hardly noticed I sat like a stone. He went on whispering rapturously to himself: "Tomorrow night! I must write and tell her this. Why, the solo—I can play it. She must be there! Will, listen—you must hear it! It goes like this!"

He caught up his violin. I see him now as he stood that night, hear that downward sweep of his bow across the strings, full of conscious triumph—that one quivering chord, no more. I was on my feet, a terrible passion passing through me.

Yes. Next minute, when I realized and would have given years of my life to spare Chris that blow, I crept across and picked up the violin. The finger board had snapped in two, and the body of it was stove in like an eggshell.

"Oh, Chris!" I whimpered, one shaking hand put out. But he did not stir. His body was stiff. Only his face worked convulsively. "Take mine—take everything I've got!" I said in an agony of apprehension then.

All that night I sat in a fever of shame and suspense, and the door above had not opened. Several times I had crept up and implored him to let me in, but not a sound had come. What was he doing? Save myself, no one on earth knew how he had prized that old violin—what its loss meant for him.

"So you are writing for an English publication," she said to the young man to whom she is engaged. "Yes. How did you know?"

"A friend of mine sent me a London periodical in which one of your poems was published."

"Well, then, open a store or learn to run a hotel or something like that."

"No, but I suppose I can learn." "Then I wish you would do so." "But it's hard work, and I doubt very much whether I would be a success at it."

Crowds representing innate human curiosity gather easily in large cities. A fairly good looking wagon was driven hurriedly up to a place on Diamond street one day recently, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"What's up?" inquired a tall, thin man, an eager look in his eye, the remark being addressed to a boy who had swiftly climbed a pole. From his vantage point the youngster made laconic answer, "Dunno unless a man's sick or dead in there."

"Oh, I'm glad you've come!" whispered our landlady. "I knew there was something wrong, and I heard him groaning and calling out after you went, so I fetched the doctor at last, and we had to break in. Ill? Why, Mr. Marsh thinks it spells brain fever! Oh, and he has kept calling out 'Lottie! Lottie!' Who is 'Lottie'?"

"Keep her," I said icily, "and the solo too. There!" He drew a deep breath. Another soft word from him and I should have given way, but he had turned away and picked up a letter that had arrived for him by the last post.

God spared me that. In a week Chris was down stairs again, whiter and thinner than ever, indeed, but so much his old self that he could smile and press my hand whenever I held it out. But it was not until—more through my scheming per-

haps than he will ever know—he led Lottie Arnold from the altar as his wife six months later that I could look him in the face and feel that I had atoned in part.

Only in part, even at that sacrifice of my hopes, for Chris, who might have been one of our greatest violinists today, has never touched a violin since that night. Often I have pleaded with him, often enough showed him the notice of "Mr. Chris Carew, a new and promising young performer," that appeared in the newspapers that morning, but he shakes his head. The wreck of the instrument that he loved lies at the bottom of his box, and his old fixed belief that he could never do himself justice on any other, even if he had the heart to try, has never been shaken.—Tit-Bits.

The Industry of Fall River. Fall River has more than one-sixth of all the spindles in the country, over one-fifth of those in New England and manufactures over three-fourths of all the print cloths made in the country. It has more spindles than any state in the United States except Massachusetts, nearly as many as all the southern states combined and more than twice as many as any other city in the country.

There are 42 corporations, operating 82 mills, employing 30,000 persons, earning \$180,000 per week and producing annually from 350,000 bales of cotton more than 800,000,000 yards of cloth. Its people are cosmopolitan, there being in the city in round numbers 15,000 of American parentage, 15,000 of English, 25,000 of French Canadian, 25,000 of Irish and 20,000 of German, Portuguese, Armenian, Russian and Italian birth.

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When you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great pain cure, don't accept anything else. Don't be talked into accepting a substitute, for piles, for sores, for burns. Evans Pharmacy.

There will be no extra session of Congress, though the Senate will have to be called together for the prompt ratification of the treaty of peace, if the present plans of the President prevail. It is stated at the White House, that unless there should be some extraordinary development, the House will not meet until it convenes in regular session next December.

A stubborn cough or tickling in the throat yields to One Minute Cough Cure. Harmless in effect, touches the right spot, reliable and just what is wanted. It acts at once. Evans Pharmacy.

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ONLY A TOAD.

But He Proves Himself the Friend of the Thrifty Farmer.

Many people view with disgust and loathing this rough, uncouth, leathery coated little creature, with his distended stomach and squat, ungraceful form, yet their aversion is totally without reason. The toad is not venomous or harmful, nor can he be utterly ugly with his singularly clear and brilliant eyes.

However this may be, the toad is a jewel in himself from an economic point of view. The farmer has no better friend or ally in his warfare against injurious insects. The toad comes forth mostly at night, when such insects as the cutworm are abroad.

When following the breaking plow, I have often been a reluctant spectator of the last sad tragedy in the lives of some of these beneficent little creatures. They love to burrow down in the earth to just about the depth that the plowshare takes, and there they are sometimes sliced in two. On these occasions when examining the contents of their stomachs I have been surprised at the quantity they could hold.

Once after a victim passed under the plow I took pains to note the contents of its stomach, which consisted of 4 large cutworms, 2 bean beetles, 17 small leaf beetles, 8 small manure beetles, 3 flies, several larvae and about a teaspoonful of the small aromatic yellow ants. This was only a medium sized toad, and now just think how many such meals he had taken in his life; then think of his millions of relatives and the meals they had eaten in their lives.

I have domesticated and colonized toads in my cellar and garden and always felt amply repaid by the decrease in the number of the insects. It makes little difference to the toad whether his meal be of cabbage worms, mosquitoes or bean beetles. Down they go, and as he rubs his throat with one "hand" he winks his off eye and is ready for more.—Our Animal Friends.

The Pope and London Smoke.

Leo XIII is no stranger to the English court, but it is by no means generally known that the pontiff once paid a personal visit to this country. Such, however, is the case, though the event occurred 50 years ago, when he was simply Monsignor Pecci, acting as legate at the Belgian court, and when he was being consulted recently with regard to the building of the new cathedral at Westminster he asked whether any white marble was to be used, adding laughingly: "When I was at St. Paul's cathedral, they showed me some black marble and said it was white. London seems to be far too smoky for white marble."—Westminster Gazette.

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STURGEONS IN COMMERCE.

Some of the Points of Singularity About the Fish.

The sturgeon is naturally an inhabitant of the large rivers and brackish water of the north temperate zone, more particularly of Europe and America. The Sacramento, the San Joaquin, Russian river and the Columbia on the west and the Hudson and Delaware on the east are very favorable to its production in great quantities.

This interesting and curious fish has many points of singularity. Its armed exterior skeleton seems to point to its being one of the few descendants of the ganoid, or armor-plated fishes of the prehistoric ages. The position of the mouth is much the same as in the shark family, but its form and function are rather that of the remora, or sucker family. The flesh, too, is remarkable as being a reddish and yellow and part white. English fishermen call it "beef and veal."

Some 25 years ago there were millions of sturgeons in San Francisco bay and tributary waters, principally in the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, where they lay on the muddy bottom, feeding on clams and bottom fishes. The Chinese, who have an inordinate fondness for gelatinous substances, such as isinglass, sea swallow nests, trepang, etc., imported from China a very deadly hook for capturing the sturgeon, which they caught solely for the marrow in its peculiar backbone. They stripped out the backbone and threw away the rest. Some of the backbones were sent to China, where isinglass is made from them and also a highly tenacious glue. The principal use, however, is for making gelatinous soup.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Growth of the South.

Where the proud city of Birmingham stands today there were in 1877 only wornout fields. Chattanooga was a dilapidated village. Atlanta still sat in the ashes of the war. Florida was almost as much of a wilderness as in the days of Spanish rule. Texas had made no impression upon the world's markets as a cotton producer. The states of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas were in poverty and despair because of the miseries of the reconstruction period. The coal and iron mines of Tennessee, Alabama and Virginia were practically undiscovered and unopened. There was no serious competition by any southern port with New York and Boston for the export and import trade. With a single exception there was not one great railroad system in the south, and that did not touch the southeastern part.

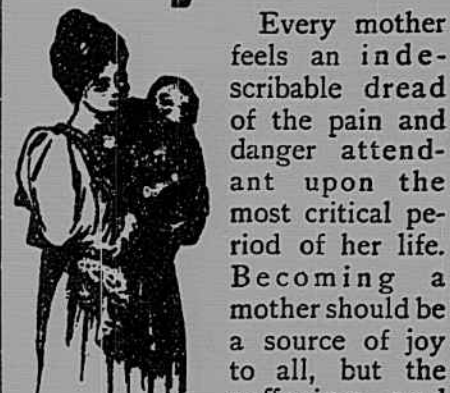
Twenty years ago the manufacture of cotton in the south was wholly an infant industry, and cities now known as textile working centers were mere trading posts at the crossroads. The fruit and vegetable business of Florida was so small as to attract little attention, while the fruit and melon business of Georgia did not exist at all. Southern farmers then bought their corn and meats instead of raising them as they do now, and the cotton crop of Georgia, notwithstanding the comparatively low prices and notwithstanding the cities have absorbed so much of the rural population, is twice as large as it was then.—Macon Telegraph.

Thirty-six years ago Gen. Joseph Wheeler had the pleasure of capturing the officer he is now serving under in Cuba. In March, 1862, William R. Shafter was a Major in the Nineteenth Michigan. He was with a foraging expedition one day when a body of Wheeler's cavalry surrounded and captured the whole outfit. Shafter was sent to Richmond, and spent six weeks in Libby prison. Nobody in the country has a higher opinion of "Little Joe" as a strategist and fighter than General Shafter.

Edward Culver, rough rider, lies at the Marine Hospital, Staten Island, with the bullet in his body that killed Sergt. Hamilton Fish in the memorable fight with the Spaniards at La Quasina, Santiago. He and Fish lay flat on the ground, close together, firing on the enemy, when a Mauser bullet pierced Fish's left side, came out at the right and hit Culver in the left breast just above the heart. He will always carry in his breast the missile that slew his comrade.

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